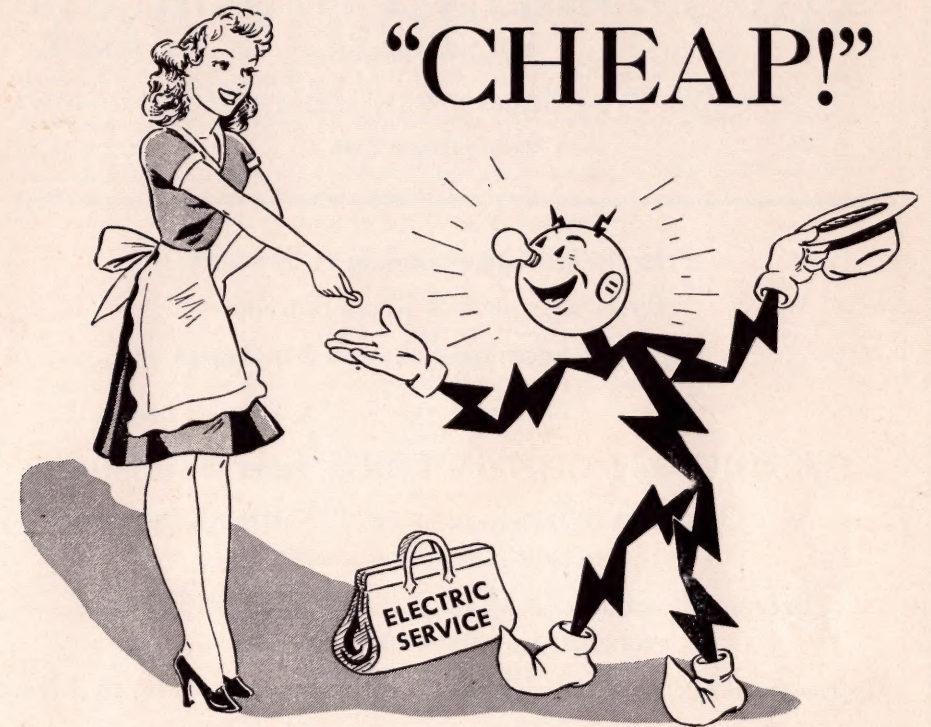




THE STUDENT'S PEN
OCTOBER, 1942

*Sometimes it's a COMPLIMENT
to be Called
"CHEAP!"*



I'm cheap — and I like to have people say so. I know they mean it the RIGHT way . . . that I don't cost much.

As your electric home servant, I'm still working at the same wages I got before the war . . . and these were the lowest wages I ever received in my life.

That's why I'm proud to be called "cheap."

Have you ever stopped to figure up how much work I'll do for you


for a dollar? Or even a penny? For lighting, cooking, refrigeration, washing, ironing, or dozens of other jobs? Do it sometime — and then compare the value received with anything else you can buy for the same money.

Cheap? You bet. And glad of it.

REDDY KILOWATT

Your Electrical Servant

P. S. Speaking of "good buys" — have you bought war bonds or stamps this week?

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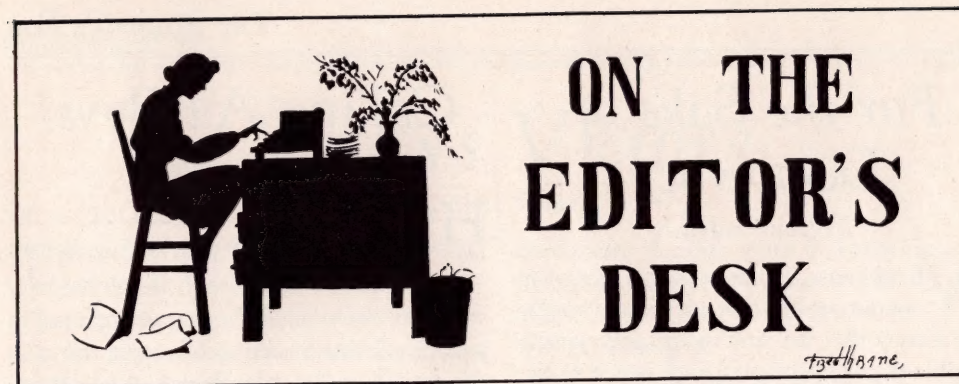
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A Message to the Boys and Girls of America

FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.
Secretary of the Treasury

"War is costly, but freedom is priceless. To deserve freedom, we must fight to keep it. Freedom is a thousand times worth all the money, all the effort, all the sacrifices that we must put into the struggle to win it. I know that the United States can count on its 30,000,000 young Americans, to whom an unshackled future is particularly important, to enlist 100 per cent in our fight for freedom—by buying War Savings Stamps and Bonds whenever they can and by doing every other thing that a boy or girl can do to speed the day of Victory. By participating fully in the SCHOOLS AT WAR Program, they can tell the world: 'WE ARE READY—ready for war, ready for victory and ready for peace.' "



Playing for Victory

By June Parker

AMERICA is at war—the most important war in which she has ever been engaged. It is like a grim game of chess. Yet it is no ordinary game of chess; we are playing, not with wooden pieces, but with human lives, vital American bases, and valuable war materials. It is a horrifying, and delicate business, this playing with lives! Our game must be played wisely and determinedly.

Who is playing this game? You and I . . . all of us . . . one hundred and thirty million Americans against the Axis powers. Since it's our game, Bill Smith and Mary Jones, how are we playing it? Are we sufficiently aroused to fight our hardest? Are we giving up selfish aims? Are we intelligent enough to know the difference between the minor pieces on our chess-board—the pieces we can afford to sacrifice—and the pieces we cannot and dare not lose?

Let us consider some of these minor pieces, representative of the many things we can afford to sacrifice: a few movies a month, a package of gum every so often, a couple of "cokes" or ice cream sodas each week, one or two funny books or movie magazines occasionally. We should sacrifice at least one of these things once in a while and buy war

stamps with the money saved. Every penny counts. Save those pennies; you'll have a hundred before long, and a hundred pennies mean four more twenty-five cent war stamps. Remember that a penny a day keeps Hitler away!

Now in contrast to the things we can and must sacrifice, there are pieces on our chess-board which we must never lose: peaceful home life, brotherly love, the Four Freedoms—freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom from want, and freedom from fear. We have got to sacrifice the little things now to save the big things later.

I believe we are playing the most crucial game of all history, and we Americans have our highest values at stake. Every move we make must count. Every move should be carefully made to insure our final victory.

We must play this game hard. We must fight it every minute of the day and every inch of the way. We must make sure that we shall never lose all those things which we Americans cherish. We must keep our American traditions, our high ideals, everything that inspires our life and our growth. We must win this war, but to win it we must sacrifice wisely and willingly, and sacrifice NOW!

For the Sake of Democracy

By Joan Kaufman

WE all know that to win this war, it is our duty to buy war stamps and bonds. The money that we lend to the government supplies the needed capital with which necessary war materials are bought. I am sure that we, as the future generation, do not lend our money because the rate of interest is good, or because the investment is stable. We realize that there is a war to be won, and we *must* win it! This war is more than a petty struggle over boundary lines, more than a foolish squabble about tariffs—it is a war between democracy and militarism, a war between freedom and slavery! We know, to a certain extent, what Naziism means. We read the newspapers and listen to the radio; we have heard and read about the Nazis in France, Poland, and other conquered countries. We know what democracy means. It means running our own lives—eating, reading, talking, and praying the way we want to. Democracy means too much to us to give up. Therefore, to prevent its being taken from us we must fight for it. Our boys are in there fighting. We're too young to fight, but not too young to pitch in our nickels and dimes and quarters to finance those planes, tanks, and guns that our boys are waiting for. So remember, buy war bonds and stamps today and every day.

AUTUMN

By Patricia O'Brien

The forest is a gypsy scarf
Of autumn gold and flame,
And like the sly chameleon
Is never twice the same.

Amidst this panorama
There's a splash of turquoise blue
Where Mother Nature dropped a stitch
And let the sky shine through.

Calling All Boys!

By Edith Bornstein

HAVE you ever taken a good look at the husky fellows of Pittsfield High School—I mean a really good look? If you haven't, then take one now at the boy sitting next to you, or the one browsing down the corridor. Now, I ask you, does he look bashful? Well, he is! Don't you fellows gaze innocently at each other and wonder whom I'm talking about. I mean you, Billy Jones; and you, Tommy Brown; yes, and you too, Chubby Smith. Are you fellows going to sit idly back and let this graduating class be the first in four years to fail to produce an operetta? Well, if that disastrous thing should occur, all you fellows, particularly you seniors who are too bashful to join the Boys' Glee Club, are to blame. Just in case you haven't read the article in School Notes entitled "Sing and Play the Gorman Way", I suggest that you do. Prepare yourselves for a shock when you read the number of members in the Boys' Glee Club.

Today, more than ever before, women are obliged to substitute for the men; however, I find it difficult to imagine a girl taking the part of a pirate in an operetta such as the "Pirates of Penzance." Can you picture Captain Corcoran of the "H. M. S. Pinafore" having a soprano voice? I can't. Billie Burke playing the renowned Charlie Chan would be about as realistic as our girls impersonating pirates.

At least forty to fifty boys are needed for the operetta.

This is, truthfully, an excellent opportunity for all you fellows—Lawrence Tibbitts or Billy Joneses; so how about it, fellows, fly out from behind those clouds, and make a power dive for the Boys' Glee Club, where you're sure to make a perfect three point landing.

Vicky's Victory

By Anita Camilli

"EASY, girl, easy," soothed Vicky. "This is the last but the worst jump."

Katinka's muscles stiffened when they got near the jump. Then the beautiful chestnut hunter, with its tall, slim rider, cleared the barrier with room to spare.

"You dear old girl, Katinka. I would never have left England, if I couldn't have taken you," Vicky sighed, as she slid off of her mount at the end of practice time.

But instead of hurrying up the path to the gym with the rest of the laughing, chattering girls who went to Fairfax Hall, Vicky lagged behind the rest, thinking.

Two months ago she had come to Fairfax Hall straight from England. Because of war conditions there, her family had decided she must leave them and the beautiful open country of Devonshire to go to a girls' prep school in America. All her life she had talked and thought of almost nothing but horseback riding. Here at school it seemed to mean only one other sport to be tolerated as a social duty.

The one big event in horsemanship was a meet, held each year between the neighboring schools to try for ribbons in free riding and jumping. The highest award of the season was a trophy, which was loaned among the schools, and which was given to the girl with the highest points in equitation.

Vicky's greatest desire was to win this trophy for Fairfax Hall. It was not so much the pleasure of winning which she wanted. It was to let the other girls know she was interested in the school and school affairs.

She had not made any intimate friends because it was not easy for her to form friendships. There was not even a study or activity in which she excelled, except her riding. But it really ought to be quite easy for her to win

the trophy, because when you ride the same horse all your life, as she had ridden Katinka, you and your horse act as one man—trying for the same goal.

* * * * *

The day of the meet was one of those perfect days, which only June can produce. Vicky, with a heart as light as down, rode Katinka in the first two or three classes, and at the end of each one the judges decided that she was best qualified for the blue ribbon.

But to Vicky's complete surprise, the other girls at Fairfax Hall did not seem happy about her success. In fact one of the girls, Jane Haycox, was much upset, and therefore the rest of the girls seemed troubled, for Jane was a born leader. The thing was that Jane had hoped to win the trophy for the school herself and she would probably have had a very good chance of doing so if her horse hadn't been so inferior.

As the announcer called the next class, which was for jumping, Vicky felt very dismal as she led Katinka into the ring. If the girls didn't want her to win, what was the use of trying? This feeling must have been evident in her riding, for at the highest jump, though Katinka sailed over it with ease, Vicky lost her balance and fell from her. When she tried to stand up, the pain in her leg told her the worst—she had sprained her ankle. This was the end of riding for her that day!

But as she limped out of the ring, an idea struck her. If she let Jane ride Katinka, Jane would surely win the trophy. Before any selfish ideas could enter her head, Vicky had offered Jane the horse, and Jane had gratefully accepted.

Throughout the rest of the show Jane rode Katinka, and rode her well. The blue ribbons

just flew in her direction, and at the end of the show, after a short discussion by the judges, Jane was handed the trophy—the highest honor of the season! Vicky felt very proud when she saw Katinka prance into the ring to get the award, but the proudest moment of her life came two minutes later when she found herself surrounded by laughing, shouting Fairfax Hall girls who made a circle around her cheering, "Who is an all 'round good sport? V-i-c-k-y! Vicky!!!"

THE SONG OF THE RADIO ANNOUNCERS

By Paul Perry

"Buy our product," that's their song,
Morning, noon, and all day long,
Urging us to pay out cash
For an endless list of trash.
Headaches, backaches, divers ills
All are cured by Gurgin's pills.
Sudsy soap, the experts say,
Does your work on washing day.
Reeko cigarettes are milder,
Each succeeding claim grows wilder.
Vita-pills are what you need,
If your system's gone to seed.
Athlete's foot or blistered toes?—
They can point to rows and rows
Of pretty-colored bottled stuff,
That's also bound to cure dandruff.
For corns and bunions, moms and dads.
Use "Pillo-Comfort Zo-Zo Pads."
Chew Stickum Gum, it's good for you,
And only costs a nickel, too.
"Ten percent less nicotine,"
"Try the new Snoop magazine,"
"Use Freezo guaranteed Foot Balm,"
The stream of drivel still goes on,—
Give us credit for some brains,
And stop those advertising claims.

This War of Ours

By Paul Feldman

WE'LL all have to sacrifice before this war is over. There will be many things that will be impossible to get. But that shouldn't matter—nothing should matter now but one thing, victory—a final and complete victory.

If we win this war, there will be wonderful advances in society and science. It will be a world you and I will be proud to live in. That's if we win. We'll not only have to give to win, but we'll have to fight. We want freedom forever after this war; we want equality for one and all, regardless of race, creed, or color; and most of all, we want a brotherhood of all mankind.

The "we want" at the beginning of those phrases can be changed to "we shall have" provided we do a number of things. First, we must win the war and that means sacrifice. But the sacrifice will be for a better, more civilized world. Second, we must elect efficient and far-sighted leaders. They must be men of vision, and at the same time they must be practical men. The third thing we must do is to educate ourselves for the coming changes. We must broaden our viewpoint. There must be no bigotry if we are to win. There must be none after we win.

What are the aims in this war of ours? Are they worth fighting for? The four freedoms of the Atlantic Charter—the right of the people to choose their own form of government, equal access to the world's raw materials for all nations, the right to live free from want and fear, and freedom of worship—are worth fighting for. So is the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights—all worth fighting for. There can be no lasting peace after this war unless there is a great fellowship of nations where all men are equal.

Lincoln Calls Again —Charles Wells

By Thomas Fehily

UNLESS there is an about-face in the handling of the situation in India, England will find herself in serious trouble." So said Mr. Charles Wells in an interview with your reporter, following his illustrated lecture, September twenty-first, on the condition and possible outcome of affairs in Europe and Asia. Mr. Wells, noted feature writer and cartoonist, has, for the last fourteen years, been traveling throughout the northeastern hemisphere and is now on an extensive lecture tour, speaking of his experiences during this time. He was in Poland at the outbreak of the Third Reich's blitzkrieg of that nation. From there he toured the battlefronts of Europe, Russia, China and Southwest Asia, gathering material for feature stories and on-the-spot action cartoons. While in India, Mr. Wells spent quite a bit of time studying the existing situation. When interviewed by the PEN reporter, Mr. Wells said that the only way England can prevent trouble in the largest of her colonies is to give India her freedom.

In answer to the question regarding religious readjustment, Mr. Wells said that India, (with such leaders as Mahondas Gandhi), could straighten out her various creeds, religions, and distinctions, much in the same way as Americans have formed unity among Catholic, Protestant and Jew; rich man and poor man. The only difficulty he could see was that such readjustments would take time; therefore he would suggest a compromise of dominion status until the present emergency has passed. He believes that, if given fair treatment, India would accept temporary dominion status. This would provide a compromise that would be best suited for all concerned; but before such a happy compro-

mise is reached, the people of India must be recognized as being on an equal plane, socially and intellectually, with their European brothers. Mr. Wells believes that until Europeans realize the words of Lincoln, "All men are created equal," are more true today than ever before, there will be no cooperation from Asiatics in this war. The Asiatics, retaining their hold on their stoical philosophy, can wait indefinitely to be recognized as equals, and the sooner Europe ceases looking upon them as slaves and inferiors and recognizes their equality, the sooner they will give us their full aid in making this world a peaceful place in which to obtain our mortal desires. Mr. Wells said that he uses the word Asiatics instead of Indians because he feels that Russia, China, and other Asiatic countries are on the side of India and are waiting for the outcome.

Mr. Wells believes that this emancipation should not be confined to India alone, but should be expanded on an international scale. He states that there are still places where men make other men their inferiors and cause them to do their bidding. Such a case is found among the Dutch and Malays. After the war, the Dutch fully intend returning the "noose to the neck" of the Malays. Mr. Wells feels that Free States should be established by international assent for such people and that they should be recognized as equal to their fellow men. Only when world freedom and equality are established can world peace be attained, and such freedom and equality can not be while there are still men who believe that "pure Aryans should dominate and enslave all others."



LET'S TALK ABOUT THE THEATRE

By Francis Molloy



Recently I had the pleasure of seeing the Howard Lindsey-Russell Crouse comedy "Life With Father", based on Clarence Day's famous account of his family. On November 8, 1939, at the Empire Theatre in New York, the play had its premiere. Still running after three years by popular demand, it is regarded as one of the finest comedies of our day. Until a few weeks ago, when they took over for Howard Lindsey and Dorothy Stickney at the Empire, Dorothy Gish and Louis Calhern had given "Father" successfully in other cities. I was fortunate enough to see the troupe in Detroit, Michigan, and having read the play since, I laughed as easily as I did at the actual performance.

The complete action takes place in the morning room (which is generally used as the living room)—of the Day home. The richly paneled walls are lined with pictures of the Day ancestors. Father, who is in his forties, is a distinguished looking, conservatively dressed man, full of vigor and charm. That a family should be run on a business basis is his dominating creed. Mother Day, forty, charming and likable, sets him on frequent rampages. The Days (all red headed) include Clarence Jr., the eldest, rugged, and serious son; John, fifteen, awkward, and gangling; and Harlan, a sweet, chubby youngster of six. Each one presents us with an excuse for splitting our sides with laughter, father stealing the most comical scenes by means of his explosive temper. Life at the Day home is al-

ways exciting, and an evening with the Day family is hilarious to say the least.

The acting of Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish was exceptionally fine, but I was particularly interested in the performance of Richard Ney, who, in addition to being the great-great-great-grandson of Napoleon's ablest marshal, found a career in acting because of a summer spent at our neighboring Berkshire Playhouse.

The filming rights for this play have been purchased and the red headed Days will be on the screen soon. So by all means see "Life With Father."

* * * * *

Since this is a new department, I should like to explain its purpose. I believe that the art of playgoing should play an important part in the life of each one of us. The theatre is a source of infinite enjoyment, as well as a means of learning much about life and human nature. Because of our remoteness here in Pittsfield from the legitimate stage, some of us regard the theatre as a place for showing movies and vaudeville only. Many of us, indeed, have never seen any first class performances on the legitimate stage, which is, after all, a thrilling experience. Therefore, I plan to provide some information in each issue that will make P. H. S. more theatre-conscious. As I shall endeavor to cover as broad a field as possible, you'll find something to interest you at one time or another, whether your theatrical predilections are for drama, opera, musical comedy or vaudeville.

Topnotchers on the Shelf

By Doris Costine

THE other day I decided to take a vacation from study hall and visit the library. There seems to be an atmosphere there that makes concentration easy. Now you're saying, "What's all this got to do with today's best sellers?" Well, I'll tell you. While sitting there, I watched a girl go up to the desk, say something to the librarian, and come away smiling. She had a book tucked under her arm, and I caught a glimpse of the title—"Assignment in Brittany."

This book should be a "must" on your reading list. It is surely one of the most entertaining novels of the year; a combination of action, romance, suspense, and thrills galore; in fact, everything you could ask for in a story. Briefly, the plot is this: Martin Hearne is sent into France as a British spy. Because of his striking resemblance to a Frenchman wounded at Dunkirk, Hearne goes to Brittany in the injured man's place, after first carefully studying and copying exactly the man's entire life and habits. It was a pretty tall order for Hearne, trying to act the

part of another man without arousing suspicion, and at the same time picking up bits of information about the Germans which would be useful to England. Everything was going along fine, and Hearne had got the information he was after, when suddenly, the Gestapo was informed by a supposedly French patriot that Hearne was an English spy. In his flight from France to the English Channel, Hearne has many narrow escapes. At Mont St. Michel, he is almost captured by a German agent. How he escapes from his pursuer and by the aid of the underground system, reaches the coast and escapes makes a thrilling tale. Underlying the story is the deep devotion of the French peasants for their land, and their undying hatred of the invaders.

The author, by the way, is Helen MacInnes. She has spent quite a little time in Brittany; and perhaps it is through this actual knowledge of the people and their simple way of life, that she has been able to give such an understanding portrayal of them in this, her second novel, "Assignment in Brittany."

Off the Record

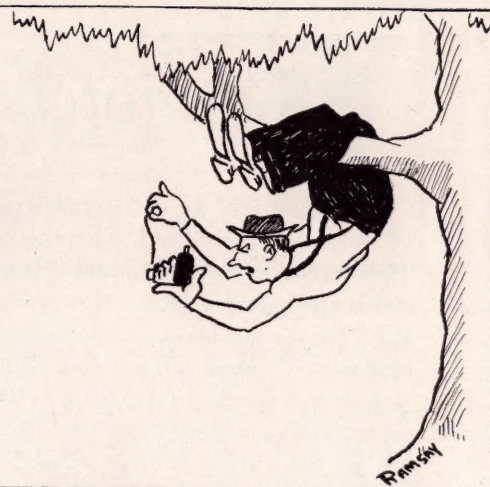
By Gloria Caden

GATHER 'round all you jitterbugs and get hep to some really rollickin' recordings.

First, a tuneful disc by "the ole professor" Kay Kyser is "Every Night About This Time", a promising new ballad; and "Strip Polka", also a bran' new recording and really "in the groove" . . . Tommy Dorsey and "ork" do well with "Manhattan Serenade", and for the hep-cats, T. D. really goes to town on "Blue Blazes". . . Now by the band of bands (and I do mean Glenn Miller) we have two new fox trots, said tunes being "Dearly

Beloved" and "I'm Old Fashioned", with superb vocalizing by Skip Nelson, Miller's new singing discovery who, by the way, is a non-professional from Pittsburgh. . . Last but not least, a fascinating little ditty called "I Came Here To Talk For Joe" which, if you've a shy sweetheart in the Air Corps may bring a lonely tear to your eye. After your cry, flip the disc over and behold "the ole professor" again and "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" with a super choral rendition by the Kyser Glee Club.

WHO'S WHO



JUNE PARKER

YE EDITOR

Able editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN and member of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y, that's June Parker. According to her own admission, she supplies the bass section among our cheer leaders. Out of school June is in demand as a speaker before numerous community groups, and she is currently president of the Youth Committee of the Pittsfield Council of Churches.

HIGH-STEPPER

Laura, or Lolly as she is known to her intimates, is our new drum majorette, and we know she'll make us proud of her. Boys, if you're a good dancer, you'll rate tops with Lolly, for she loves to dance; and, between you and me, she's superb at it. She likes classical music but she goes for Glen Miller's swing in a big way. Lolly is a member of Beta Tri-Hi-Y and a home room treasurer. An all-around good sport, you couldn't ask for a smoother gal!

P.S. She simply adores the Navy. Anyone in particular, Lolly?



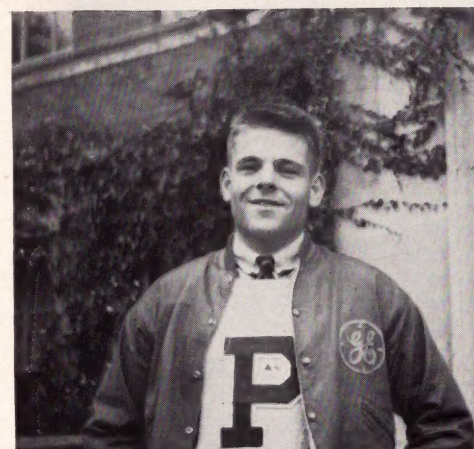
LAURA EASLAND

CAMERA FAN

This blue-eyed senior with the honey-colored tresses is Patricia Hughes, chairman of the Senior Picture Committee. Her willingness and determination guarantee her success in any undertaking. "Pat" is particularly fond of curly-haired people. She says this has nothing to do with a certain Mass. State freshman.



PATRICIA HUGHES



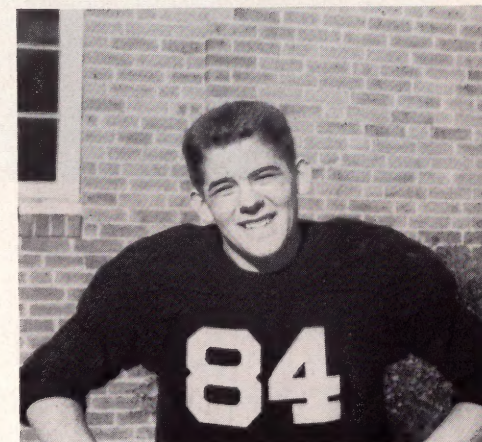
LA FOREST SMITH

CO-CAPTAIN

When the crowd yells, "Hold that line!" you may be sure that Smittie (La Forest Smith to you) is in there holdin'. This big, burly fellow has been a member of the football squad since entering high school, and this year he is doing a bang-up job of acting as one of its co-captains.

THE OTHER "CO."

Playing half-back on the football team as well as acting as one of its co-captains ought to entitle broad-shouldered Frannie Fields to the title of the "Blonde Bomber."



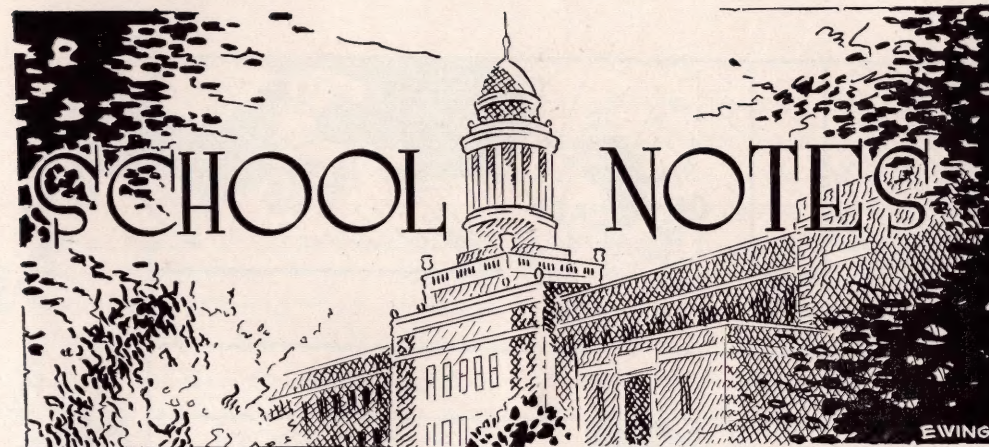
FRANCIS FIELD



MR. JAMES CONROY
Senior Class Adviser

To the Senior Class, Mr. Conroy's departure to join the United States Army Air Corps meant the loss of an able and conscientious leader, admired and respected by all.

Mr. Conroy is now training in a branch of the air service at Atlantic City, New Jersey. From Bunsen burners to airplanes is quite a flight, but we are sure he will make a perfect three point landing.



SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class has started off successfully this year under the guidance of Miss Millet and Miss Bulger. Miss Millet hasn't as yet had an opportunity to meet all the members of the class, but she states that the officers and Council prove very enthusiastic and cooperative. Miss Bulger, who has sponsored the class since last January, endorses Miss Millet's statement, and they are both looking forward to a very enjoyable year with our "upper classmen." Good luck!

The Senior Class, as it has before, will sponsor the annual operetta given by music students. This year "The Yeomen of the Guard" is to be presented.

Senior Class Officers: President, Joseph Boudreau; Vice President, William Magner; Second Vice President, Eleanor Eckerson; Secretary, Helen Suhinski; Treasurer, Jeanne Hough.

Members of the Council: Byron Clark, Ulysses Gomes, Bertha Leidhold, Vincent LaSorsa, Ida Johnson, Martin L. Huban, Phyllis Goodrich, Thomas Heaton, Lois Dickert, John Evans, Mary Elizabeth Cozzio, Willard Delavan, Doris Brennan, Richard Carpino, Eileen Bloomberg, Gordon Adelson, Priscilla Musgrove, Bronislaw Morowski, William Paulaski, Dorothy Mychyn, Elizabeth Roy, Stephen St. Palley, Virginia Stafford, Henry Temple, Patricia Wetmore, Law-

rence Tabor, Barbara Young, Robert Zopt, Kenneth Sexton, Stanley Smith.

Members of the Good Will Committee: William Kellogg, Ruth Holden, Rose Hanna, Lillian Clark, Russell Clark, Thomas Fehily, Vera Bianci, Rosemary Milne, June Parker, Anne Rosenthal, Kenyon Sweitzer, Edith Supranowitz, Glenn Gordon, Clayton Pirece.

JUNIOR NOTES

No longer Sophs! What a wonderful feeling! At long last we can be passed in the corridors without the familiar cry, "Hey, look at Soph," ringing in our ears. We are at last a recognized group, and what could be sweeter than directing the new, befuddled sophs on their way to the gym? We'll have our own officers, too, so look out, Seniors. Here we come, the Junior Class of Pittsfield High!! And how—!

TRI-HI-Y

The program for the Tri-Hi-Y clubs for the present consists of organization, formal inductions and the outlining of the year's program.

The Officers are as follows:

Senior Hi-Y: President, Ted Volsky; Vice President, James Flanagan; Secretary, William Broderick; Treasurer, La Forest Smith; Warden, Francis Fields; Adviser, Francis Jaehnert.

SING AND PLAY THE GORMAN WAY

"Do, re, mi . . .," sings a promising group of two hundred and fifteen members of the Girls' Glee Club. While Mr. Gorman was rejoicing over this outstanding membership, he was plunged to the depths of despair when only ten boys enrolled for the new year. Definite plans regarding the activities of these clubs have not yet been decided upon; however the Girls' Glee Club is scheduled to give its annual choral concert in the spring.

The A Capella Choir has already had its first rehearsal with forty-five excellent voices to sing their way to success. Mr. Gorman expects the choir to give several concerts during the year.

Because of the lack of male singers, rehearsals for the operetta, which is to be "The Yeoman of the Guard", have not yet begun.

SEEN AND HEARD AROUND SCHOOL

Ginny Stafford going around with a long face—could it be because a certain person joined the Marines? Incidentally, ask Ginny about her new hair-do!!! We are wondering what attraction ever brought Paul Murray back to our joyous halls? It couldn't be a female—or could it???? There are rumors of Miss Willis keeping a certain senior girl after school for squirting water in chemistry class. What's the idea, Ruth???? The two Smith boys—LaForest and Lee—were caught making a heavy bet on the World Series. Ask Lee who came out on top!!! Flash! Jane Hearn is off boys for good. Are we dreaming???? And now sophomore girls are asking, "Who's Jim Tabor?" Well, who is he?

A certain sophomore, after having been asked what she thought of the upperclassmen, remarked, "99½% should be back in the elementary grades." What about the other ½%, Betty????

Billy Wagner was seen talking to himself at a recent football game. Who can blame him?

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

Well, Seniors, you're at last on top of the heap. Feels pretty good, doesn't it? You can look back over the trials and tribulations of the past two years and smile at them. Those awful calamities that you anticipated every day never did happen, and the upper-classmen weren't so terrible after all. Now, you're the upper-classmen and able to give your views of the little sophomores. Don't be too hard on them. After all, you were once one yourself. What do you think of the Sophs?

JANE McCLINTOCK—They're small, just like us when we were little.

PRISCILLA MUSGROVE—They're all right, but—

TED VOLSKY—Are there any sophs this year?

PAULINE VOLK—They're so little.

BETTE WESTOVER—They're cute kids, but who likes kids?

HOWARD KAUFMAN—The girls are kinda cute.

VIRGINIA STAFFORD—You mean those bewildered little people?

ROBERT FERRY—Who are they?

What the sophomores think of the juniors and seniors is another matter.

VIRGINIA ROBERTS—There's always room for improvement.

OLGA DONDI—They're so helpful (?)

LOIS NAEVE—They're all right if you like them.

BETTY BARSTOW—I haven't noticed. I'm only interested in a certain soph.

EMIL FONTANA—They're all right, but she's a soph.

CAROLYN HOLDEN—I think they're fair enough.

JACK JONES—They like to pick on the sophs.

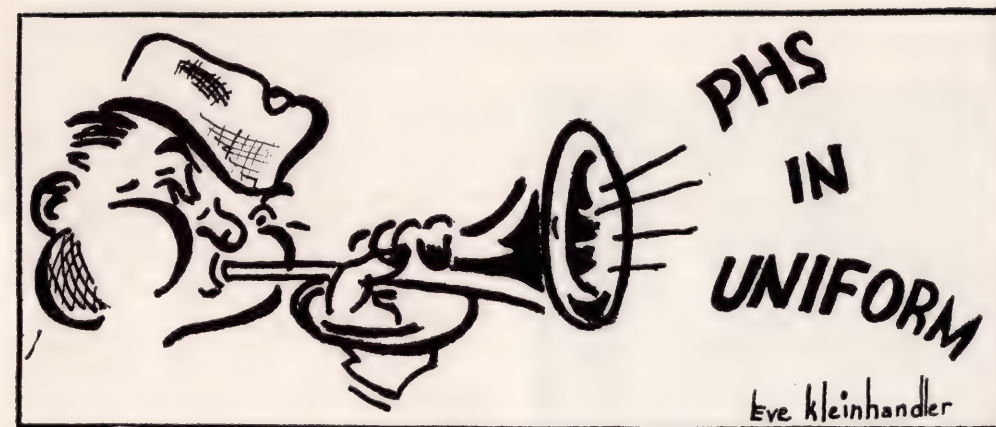
BARBARA WOOD—They're all good sports.

JOHN MCCOLGAN—Nothing to say.

JOE GALLI—The girls especially are nice.

FELICIA VENTI—I haven't noticed.

TERRY TERMOPLIN—The juniors are pretty nice and the seniors are nice and pretty.



PRIVATE JOHN T. CARMODY, JR., U.S.M.C.

John Carmody '42, prominent athletic star and number one son of Coach John Carmody, enlisted in the United States Marine Corps early this summer. Leatherneck Carmody has been selected to study radio at Grove City College, Grove City, Pa. We have strong suspicions that the Rising Sun is going to set when boys like John get around to avenging their buddies of Wake Island.

Pvt. John T Carmody

M.T.D.

N.T.S.

G.C.C. Grove City, Pa.

Company C, Platoon 2

NAVAL AIR CADET

RICHARD HOSMER, U.S.N.

Dick Hosmer '42, chosen the handsomest boy of his class, is receiving his preliminary flight training as a Navy pilot. Dick is stationed at Manchester, New Hampshire, where he is studying under the Civilian Pilot Training Program at King's Teachers College. He enlisted in June of this year and was called to active duty early in September. While in school, Dick was active in the operettas.

EDWARD ZIEMBA, U.S.N.

Seaman Edward Ziemba, also a '42 graduate, entered the navy in June. After completing his basic training at Newport, R. I., he was transferred to Norfolk, Va. and from there was assigned to the U.S.S. Elizabeth C. Stanton.

CADET RALPH PATTERSON, JR.

U.S.A. AIR CORPS

The air forces seem to have a priority on the handsome men of Pittsfield. This time it's Ralph Patterson, handsome Harry of the class of '40. Pat joined up during the summer but won't be called to active duty with the army until after this issue has gone to press. We'll have more about Cadet Patterson when he is called.

NAVAL FLYING CADET

BRUCE GOEWY, U.S.N.

The class of 1938 gave us handsome Bruce Goewey, who, upon graduation from Colgate last June, began his Navy pre-flight training in Chapel Hill, N. C. Cadet Goewey has been assigned to the Squantum, Mass. air base for primary flight instruction.

BAND MUSICIAN JOSEPH RUSCETTA, U.S.N.

Joe Ruscetta, popular member of the class of '42, enlisted in the United States Navy early in the summer. He was assigned to the naval training base at Norfolk, Va. Since his original assignment, Joe has been sent to Washington, D. C., where he was given first clarinet solo in the B band in an affiliate of the United States Navy Band.

Bandsman Ruscetta reports that in our nation's capitol, the girls outnumber the boys ten to one. U. S. Navy, here we come.

Joseph Ruscetta

U.S.N. School of Music

Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.



MISS CAROLYN CULLEN

Flying Instructor

By Brian C. Butler

There was a time when one could join the armed forces and get away from women, but alas, times are changing. We join the Navy to learn to fly, and whom do we have for an instructor but a woman. I do say, however, that those boys who are learning under our Miss Carolyn Cullen would not have it any other way. We at P. H. S. are proud of her.

Carolyn graduated from high school in 1937, where she studied in the Household Arts Department. Upon graduation she fell into the inevitable rut of the life of a white collar girl. But Carolyn was not happy. She wanted to fly, so on May 23, 1938, she took her first ride. She liked it. From that moment on, her head was in the clouds. She couldn't talk or think of anything but flying. Under the expert instruction of Roscoe Brinton she mastered the art and on September 29, of the same year, she made her first solo flight. On

the 13th of October she passed her written test which led to her solo license.

A private license and limited commercial were next on her list. These she obtained at Southern Aviation School in New Orleans. Back North, Carolyn was not satisfied, so off she went again, this time to Westfield, where she passed her exams for an instructor's rating.

Now a full-fledged instructor, she worked first at Great Barrington and later at the Pittsfield Airport. Miss Cullen was happy. She was doing the work she liked, but it was shortlived. On December 7, 1941 Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, war was declared, civil aviation was grounded for the duration within one hundred fifty miles of the coast. But, you can't down a good flyer like Miss Cullen, so she was off again, this time to New York State where she can fly.

Today Carolyn Cullen is playing an important part in our nation's war effort. She is instructing Naval Air Cadets at Schenectady Airport. Our hats are off to Carolyn Cullen, a girl doing a man's job.

PRIVATE WILLIAM ENNIS, U.S.A.

Pvt. William Ennis, a June '42 graduate, is now a student at the 619th Technical School in Madison, Wisconsin and expects to get his wings in December. Another of Uncle Sam's nephews of whom we are very proud.

Pvt. William Ennis
619 T. S. S. (Barracks 1418)
Madison, Wisconsin.

ROBERT CORRINET, U.S.N.

Another enlistee from the class of 1942 is Robert Corrinet, who joined the Navy right after receiving his diploma and is now assigned to the Signalman's School at Newport, Rhode Island. Address—

Robert Corrinet S2/c, U.S.N.R.
U.S.N.T.S.
Newport, Rhode Island
Co. 1503, Groups

LIEUTENANT MARTIN L. KEEGAN, U.S.A.

2nd Lieut. Martin L. Keegan, a graduate of this school in 1936, entered the U. S. Army on March 17, 1941. After being stationed at Camp Edward, Mass., he was sent to Miami, Fla. for one month, and from there to Officer's Training School at Fort Benning, Ga., where he was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant. Lieut. Keegan is attached to the infantry in the 84th Division at Camp Hawigi, Texas. While in school, Lieut. Keegan was a member of the debating team.

PRIVATE 1ST CLASS

JOHN GRADY, U.S.M.R.C.

It was announced this month that John Grady, a graduate in the class of 1940, has been accepted in the U. S. Marine Reserve Corps as a Private 1st class. Not only was he president of his class for three years, but Grady was also the star of the football team, winning the 1940 Thomas F. Curtin Memorial award presented each year to the most outstanding student and athlete. John will remain at Providence College where he has entered his junior year until called.

MIDSHIPMAN LEONARD VOLK, U.S.N.A.

Leonard Volk has entered his second year at Annapolis. Leonard graduated from P. H. S. in 1941 and was treasurer of his class, after which he was appointed to Annapolis by Congressman Treadway.

Midshipman Leonard Volk
Room 2331 U.S.N.A.
Annapolis, Maryland.

We urge our readers who know any of the boys listed above to write them soon. Remember your letters form the only link between these boys and the things they hold so dear. They think enough about us to risk their necks for us. Let's show them we appreciate it by dropping them a line. They'll appreciate it. No kidding.

Don't forget too, the deadline for Christmas mail is November 1.

JINGLE, JANGLE, JINGLES

By Peggy Ann Keeney

The Sophomores

They're getting over feeling lost,
But still they're rather dazed;
And they're forever being bossed
And heckled, teased, and hazed.

They're very young and meek and small
And awfully unastute.
But we can't help but love them all
Because they are so cute!

The Juniors

The Junior girls are much too pretty,
Much too stylish, smart and witty
To please the Senior lasses.

The Junior boys are nice,—but Gracious!
Their ego's getting far too spacious
To please the Senior classes.

But they'll be Seniors very soon
And higher than the very moon
Above the common masses.

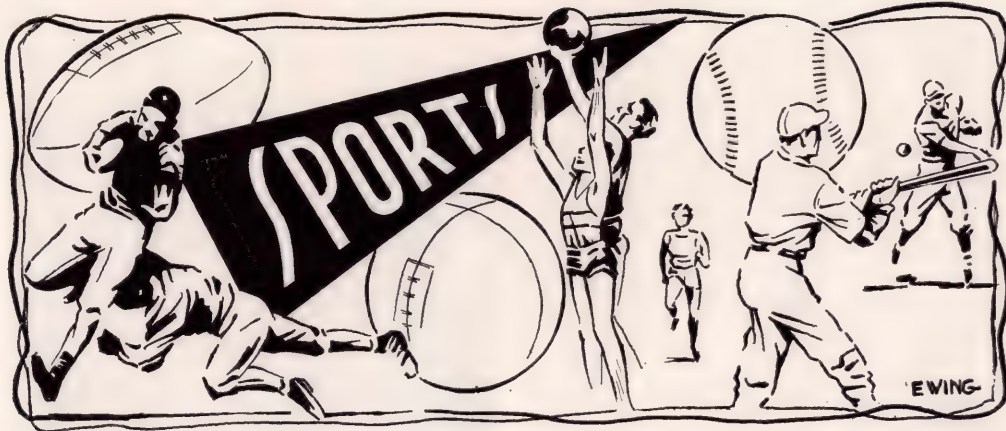
The Seniors

The Seniors—Ah, the Seniors! What wondrous beings, they!
They're paragons of virtue, courage, strength;
and come what may,
You know they'll be there, calm and wise,
(and clever, too—Ah yes!)

They're kind and good and smart enough to
fix up any mess.

They're Seniors!!
(Could it be I'm prejudiced?)

Here, boys and girls, is a \$10 question. What is the attraction over at St. Joe's for so many of our fellow students this year???? For further reference it is suggested that you see our Senior class president!!!



GREENFIELD CRASHES P. H. S. BARRICADES FOR 27 POINTS

By Richard Carpino

Having set up gridiron embattlements on Beacon Field, in Greenfield, Massachusetts, during the afternoon of September 26, 1942, our P. H. S. grid troops challenged a hard fighting pack of Greenfield men to a furious toe to toe, shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand combat. In answer to the challenge, the Greenfield fortifications daunted the advance of the Pittsfield High squad; the offensive moves, enforced by a strong "make way" line, pierced to the rear defenses of P. H. S. and finally to ultimate victory.

As the pigskin shell bobbed to the gridiron on the opening move of the engagement, both forces commenced the bitter hostilities—Greenfield supplied with more secret moves and stronger defenses; Pittsfield with but few tricks and bending protection lines. Most phases of the battle seemed to favor the Greenfield squad. P. H. S. was warded off repeatedly. Never did any thrust of the P. H. S. gridsters threaten the enemy strongholds.

The foe crossed the final white barrier in the first frame of the frenzy after "Brownny" tried to send the projectile amidst the secondary defenses of the enemy. The attempt failed, due to one of the big players on Greenfield's squad who threw his body in the path of the pigskin.

The opposition had the situation well in hand throughout the second and third stages

of the fight and marched through the P. H. S. battle-scarred defenses for the grasping of fourteen strategic points.

The Pittsfield eleven halted the hostile pigskin troops from breaking through the P. H. S. front line protection during the final epoch of the battle. The Greenfield huddle-strategists, therefore, decided to attempt to score once more by an aerial attack. The oval shell took to the air successfully and landed behind the secondary line of Pittsfield High for seven additional points.

TECH SLAMS WAY TO TRIUMPH OVER P. H. S.

By Robert Vlastnik

October 3rd was the date, and Dorothy Deming Park was the place where the valiant boys of Pittsfield High School held a very much heavier and very much favored team to one touchdown in the first half, but then weakened for two more touchdowns in the second half, the final score being 20 to 0.

Technical High of Springfield was favored to win by any score they wished to roll up, but though they made some yardage on every play there were no long runs, which speaks well of the men who backed up the line.

Fields and Brown were the offensive stars for Pittsfield, Fields doing most of the running and Brown the passing and punting. On the defense, Arlos and John Fomel did well on the line in stopping Tech's center plunges and off-tackle slants. Brown gave a creditable account of himself by blocking

quite a few of the enemy passes, and in retrieving the only fumble of the game that was recovered by the opposite side.

PITTSFIELD LOSES 13-0

By Donald Morey

Pittsfield High's men of the gridiron rose early on the morning of Saturday, October 10, 1942, and boarded a train headed for Albany, seeking their first touchdown of the season.

Albany Academy's men of the gridiron also rose early on the morning of Saturday, October 10, 1942, and prepared to keep intact their undefeated record by vanquishing their football cousins from across the border.

On the eve of Saturday, October 10, 1942, the Berkshire boys, tired and scathed, departed for home, their record for the season still unchanged,—no victories, no touchdowns.

On that eve of Saturday, October 10, 1942, the Albany Academy stalwarts, having defeated their foes in battle, marched triumphantly to their dressing rooms, their work accomplished.

The action which occurred was provided chiefly by the New Yorkers. They put the game in the bag by scoring two touchdowns in the first half. During that period Pittsfield looked pitiful. Apparently, during the intermission, Coach Stewart gave each of his followers a lump of sugar or something similar, because they were a rejuvenated squad in the second half. Several times they threatened to score, but on each occasion, a combination of the inability of the Pittsfield boys to take advantage of glorious scoring opportunities and a tightened defense on the part of Albany prevented the Shire City eleven from making its first touchdown of the season. They now have been whitewashed on three consecutive Saturdays. Co-captain Fields, who played brilliantly in a losing cause, actually scored, but a penalty nullified his effort.

Final score: Albany Academy 13, Pittsfield High 0.

PREVIEW OF PITTSFIELD HIGH—ST. JOSEPH'S FOOTBALL GAME

By William Zalenski

Although little has been said in regard to it, the 24th annual football game between P. H. S. and St. Joseph's High may be the last for the duration. If travelling difficulties increase, high school teams may drop football for 1943, as it would be rather foolish for a team to organize and then be idle all year because they cannot secure travelling facilities to take them to games. Because of this fact, special attention and interest will be given to the P. H. S.-St. Joe's game this year by the lovers of the sport.

Thus far the performances of the two teams have been almost the reverse of each other, but despite this fact, this year's game shapes up as one of the closest, hard fought contests of the series.

Pittsfield, at this writing, has played three games; and the boys have shown marked improvement in each game, although all three games were lost. The first loss was to Greenfield, the score being 27-0. In the 20-0 loss to Technical High of Springfield, the team showed flashes of offensive strength at different intervals in the game. The contest against Albany Academy, although lost 13-0, brought smiles to the faces of P. H. S. rooters, for, after being completely outplayed in the first half, the Purple and White, for the first time this year, continually threatened to score. Thus, if improvement continues, Pittsfield probably will be in good shape for their arch rivals.

Meanwhile, over at St. Joseph's, the best team to represent them since the 1939 county champions, is preparing to avenge previous defeats handed out by Pittsfield. The team has shown offensive and defensive strength in all three of its contests. Two of these were victories, and only to the defending champions, Adams, has St. Joe's aggregation bowed.



ON THE PRACTICE FIELD

This writer believes that Pittsfield will improve enough that with their unconquerable spirit, they will be a combination which St. Joseph's is going to find hard to beat. This, however, does not mean Pittsfield will romp to victory, for with such able players as Poulin and Ferris, St. Joseph's will be no pushover. It will be a tough, bitter struggle with the best team winning by only a slight margin.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Jayne Hearn

"Greetings all you girl sports fans!"

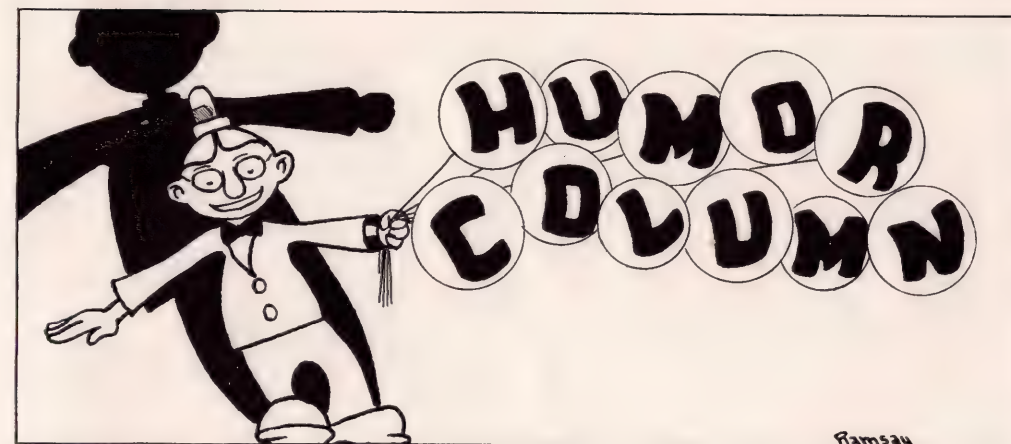
There isn't much to write, as everyone knows just about as much as I do about what is going on. But—let's take a trip down to the gym anyway.

Wandering into this gym, we find everything divided. "Bang", a resounding sting occurs as one of our sight-seers is struck by a "birdie". Oh—badminton! We must be in the badminton section! Yes—the rackets are out again (Perfectly legal, of course). Each participant is striving to develop a technique—in the game—and twisting and turning,

they return and hit again with a progressing skill.

A "twang" reaches our ears as we stroll to the connecting door and there—archery takes the spotlight. The advanced archers seem to be getting along O. K. with still plenty to learn, but the beginners—! Some should be in the advanced group so outstanding are they, but others are reaching their goal slowly. "Duck" is shouted every once in a while, as a stray arrow comes bounding back to its owner. Something new is learned every day on the art of hitting that "circular rainbow".

Enough in the gym! Shouts of "Get it", "Come on, hit it here", draw our attention to the great outdoors. There a fast and furious game of field hockey is in progress. Brandishing hockey sticks, the players race up and down the field, first one side—then the other in possession of the ball. One can easily tell that this sport has not been in evidence during the last few years here, by the learner's awkwardness, but this is covered up partly by the enthusiasm that shows itself in each and every contender.



Teacher: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Mercenary Student: "Yes, but so do presents."

Customer: "I want a dozen eggs and I want them bad."

Grocer: "Then you had better go over to Mr. Smith's store—all his things are bad."

1st Camper: "What would you do if I set your bed on fire?"

2nd ditto: "I don't know, but I'd sure be burned up."

1st Nut: "I'm Napoleon."

2nd Nut: "Who said so?"

1st Nut: "God told me so."

2nd Nut: "I did not."

Sergeant to Buck Private: "What is the first thing to do before charging?"

Buck Private: "Why, see if the enemy's credit is good!"

Senior: "You ought to take chloroform."

Soph: "I know, but who teaches it?"

Bob: "Her father says that the day she marries that football player, she'll lose a million dollars."

Bill: "Yes, and she'll only get a quarter-back."

Teacher, reading bulletin: "It is hoped that there will be a large boy's glee club this year."

Smart Student: "Well, I wonder what they're going to do with the small boys."

Man in Ritz Restaurant: "I think I'll have the dollar dinner."

Waiter: "Yes, sir—with or without mustard, sir?"

On a rather warm day, an old lady went up in an airplane for the first time. When the plane had been in the air some time, she pointed to the propeller.

"All right, my man," she shouted to the pilot, "you can turn the fan off now. I feel much cooler."

Visitor: "Don't you like that poem, 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star?'"

Whiz Kid: "No. Why wonder about the elements of a star when a simple spectrum analysis solves the question?"

I had a Paradise, but the man told me they were loaded.

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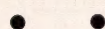
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